TWICE A WEEK

RAT PORTAGE MINER

TUESDAY and FRIDAY

VOL. XI, NO. 66 — RAT PORTAGE, ONT., TUESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1902. — PRICE 5 CENTS

OPHIRS FABULOUS WEALTH

Mr. J. Burley Smith, receives letter telling of Ophir Mine settlement.

Mr. J. Burley Smith, M.E., S.E., received a letter this week informing him of the final settlement of the litigation which has for so many years tied up the Ophir mine. A Miner reporter while conversing with Mr. Smith was shown the letter, but there was nothing in it except the bald statement that the dispute was at an end.

Asked how the settlement of the Ophir difficulty would affect the Burley Mining Company, Mr. Smith replied, it meant that his company would get control of the property and that it would be worked together with the other Bald Indian bay claims.

The Ophir mine adjoins the Sultana. There is a small shaft sunk on the property from which thousands of dollars' worth of gold was taken in the old days. The history of this "hole in the ground" reads like a romance, and it is the delight of the old timers here who had "twentieths" in the mine to tell tales of great lumps of gold as big as men's fists, taken out of the "hole." An English syndicate came over here ever so many years ago to examine the Ophir, and during the testing work, gold in fabulous quantities was dug up. An ironbound whisky cask was filled with nuggets, and under a strong guard was loaded on a steamboat bound for Rat Portage, where the cask was to be expressed to London, England. The treasure cask disappeared—where, is not definitely known. Some of the guards said it had been delivered in Rat Portage, while others said it disappeared between the Ophir mine and the steamboat wharf at Rat Portage. The cask was never found however, and there are men in town today who believe that the treasure is buried away on an island between here and the Sultana mine. Mr. George Heenan, who was one of the men who owned a "twentieth" firmly believes that that treasure is still on the lake.

A strange coincidence happened a few years after the loss of the Ophir treasure. Several men in town possessed big nuggets of gold. The late Mr. S. Fogg, brother of Mr. W. Fogg, C.P.R. trainmaster, who had been collecting minerals for years, and who made several presents to the Geological Survey department of various valuable minerals and geological specimens, said he was prepared to send an exhibit to the World's Fair in Chicago, if the town council would procure the necessary space in the Minerals building and guarantee the return of the collection.

What happened after that is well known to everybody who lived here ten years ago. The seals were broken by robbers in the World's Fair, who carried off the nuggets after the Exposition commissioners had given their receipts for the exhibit. The council could not return the minerals to Mr. Fogg, and to start an action in the United States courts against the World's Fair commission meant the outlay of perhaps thousands of dollars. The council finally got out of the mess by making a compromise with Mr. Fogg, and paying over a large sum of money.

The last time an Ophir nugget was seen in town was about the time the Bullion Mining company was organized. There was one in the big safe which was produced with a show of great mystery by Secretary Chalmer, when any capitalists called in the office. Wallace Maclean, of the Toronto World, saw this specimen, and subsequently wrote a long article in his paper on the "Riches of Ophir." Hon. Bob Rogers knows where this nugget is today.

To return to the Ophir mine, and tell what subsequently took place, however, is now the reporter's duty.

When that cask of treasure was taken out the bottom of the shaft was glittering with gold under the miners' candles, and the "twentieth" men set to work to effectually hide their golden treasure from the cupidity of the stranger, and this they did by filling up the shaft with broken rocks and dirt, and it has remained in that state until today.

And now it is up to Burley Smith. What will he find when he removes the debris that has covered the Ophir gold all these years? Will there be another big boom on Lake of the Woods? Is romance at last to be superceded by humming industry? Echo answers "Is it?"

Music and Drama.

(By Metronome.)

"I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy."

the young man was still tied to the track. There was not a minute to lose, and Miss Kennedy sizing up the situation in its real horror threw herself upon the ropes and just got the boy off in time. Then there WAS a sensation—the gallery fairly went wild with enthusiasm.

It transpired subsequently, however, that it was not a real train.

The work of every character in Midnight Express showed an exceptionally high average of histronic ability. L. S. Stone as Dave Hoyt, and J. F. Bannister as James Meredith, stood out prominently, and I don't hesitate to designate their acting as brilliant.

"Two Jolly Tramps" was perhaps the best thing produced this week. It gave Miss Kennedy a large scope to show her versatility, it gave Mr. Kennedy a chance to demonstrate what a really clever comedian he is, and it uncovered the talent of Mr. J. F. Bannister, who appeared as Robert Macaire.

Mr. Frank Preston, the musical director, received a request last night to play "Poet and Peasant," and gave a very clever rendition of that composition in response.

GOSPEL MEETINGS.

J. A. L. Romig, general evangelist of the Church of Christ, will begin a series of Gospel meetings at Victoria Skating Rink next Sunday morning, August 3rd.

Mr. Romig is a highly cultivated Christian gentleman, and a speaker of great power, who tells the Gospel message simply, earnestly and effectively. In his twelve years work as evangelist has had over seven thousand conversions to Christ. He has held meetings in twenty-two states, in Canada and England. He comes to us rich in experience, deep in his convictions, to help us raise the moral and spiritual standard of our community.

A powerful double dissolving lime light stereopticon will be used to illustrate hymns, parables and the teaching of Jesus. Also, various other subjects, such as gamblers' and drunkards' careers, drunkard's daughter, ten nights in a bar room, etc., on a large screen, with pictures of marvellous beauty.

Prof. E. F. Dowdy and wife, of Topeka, Kansas, will assist Mr. Romig throughout the meetings, having charge of the music.

Prof. Dowdy is one of the best chorus trainers and leaders in the West, while both he and his wife are fine instrumental musicians, and all

SOLD CLAIM FOR $15,000

Eagle Lake property Near Grace Mine Changes Hands,

Mr. J. D. Curran, of Vermillion bay, made a sale of a mining claim, situated near the Grace mine this week for $15,000, to Mr. Groesbeck of Toledo, Ohio. The claim is known as S416, and was surveyed by Ed. Seager, D.L.S. The vein is very similar to the Grace mine lode, which is now being tunnelled under Mr. Casler's supervision. The ore samples shown by Mr. Curran were about as rich as those brought to the Miner office some weeks ago by Mr. Casler, and according to the description of the claim, it seems natural to suppose that the Curran vein is a continuation of one of those on the Grace location.

Tempering Rock Drills With Coal Oil.

With oil the amateur may temper steel to stand like the work of an expert. This is principally because, when using oil, a slight variation in temperature does not effect such a change in the final condition of the steel as occurs when water is used. Benjamin Hastings, of Chloride, Ariz., says that his experience with common crude oil for tempering drills was such as to warrant its more extended use. "It is a very rare thing for an oil tempered drill to break and it wears much better than a water tempered one. The most serviceable slack tub I found to be a common five gallon oil can with the top left as a flap or cover to throw down and smother the flame in case the oil ignites from the hot steel. If the vessel is left open, the ignition, if it does occur, is of little consequence, like that of coal tar, but with a partially closed tub or tank can, the accumulated gases are liable to produce fireworks," as the writer can testify. There is really no necessity for such inconvenience, however, as the proper heat for plunging the steel—a bright red—is a little below the point necessary to flash the oil. I do not use more than five inches of oil in the bottom of the can. The better the oil becomes, the better the results. The consumption of oil is small, principally due to that portion sticking to the drills on withdrawal. Plunging

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John Kennedy's conception of Mephisto—no, not his conception, but his interpretation, was not according to the preconceived paintings of my imagination. Mephisto is a phantasy if you like—an embodiment of an idea of evil, an image on the tablets of the brain scrawled by old Time's stylus a thousand years ago—intangible yet ineradicable. 'Tis not Marie Correlli's sorrowful fiend, who does conjuring tricks in society parlors, but Byron's ex-celestial prince—not a mere prince among men, but one who led a revolt in heaven itself—a supernatural Dewet, so to speak—Goethe's Mephisto, and Byron's Satan are one and the same person. He is a fiend who laughs without mirth—laughs and chuckles over man's damnation.

Not an amiable person; truly, and not one who might be calculated to tickle the risibilities of a terror-stricken mortal.

No, John Kennedy was not that man! His smile is irresistable, infectious—his face is the ideal of good; not ill-humor, and as Mephisto he is therefore impossible. When John laughs the stars twinkle, but "where Satan gazed a gloom pervaded space."

Miss Kennedy, however, is a different person. She played a beautifully pathetic Marguerite, and it was her efforts combined with those of Mr. Stone (Valentine) which saved the bill.

The staging of this play was faultless, the electrical effects wonderful, and the costuming historically correct.

Wednesday night's bill "The Midnight Express" was the mellowest of melodrama—a delightfully orthodox Drury Lane menu. Its plot was ingeniously complex, and every succeeding curtain was more exciting and climaxy (that's a good word) than its predecessor, until the final one, when the audience simply fell apart in chunks. The hero was tied to the track just when the midnight express was due. We heard the whistle away down at Margach siding, then it came over the big trestle—round through the rock cut, past the brickyard, past the semaphore, and

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Prof. Dowdy is one of the best chorus trainers and leaders in the West, while both he and his wife are fine instrumental musicians, as well as good soloists.

Meetings begin Lord's day promptly at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. and during the week at 8 p.m.

The minister and members of the Church of Christ most earnestly invite you to attend these services.

HOT WEATHER AILMENTS.

Careful Mothers Should Keep at Hand the Means to Check Ailments That Otherwise May Prove Fatal.

When the weather is hot the sands of the little life are apt to glide away before you know it. You cannot watch the little one too closely at this period. Dysentry, diarrhœa, cholera infantum and disorders of the stomach are alarmingly frequent during the hot moist weather of the summer months. At the first sign of any of these, or any of the other ailments that afflict little ones, give Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets will speedily relieve and promptly cure all hot weather ailments. Keep them in the house—their prompt use may save a precious little life.

Mrs. Herbert Burnham, Smith's Falls, Ont., says: "When my eldest child was six weeks old he had an attack of cholera infantum and was at death's door. My doctor advised me to use Baby's Own Tablets, and in twenty-four hours baby was better; the vomiting and purging ceased and he regained strength rapidly. I have used the Tablets for other ailments of children since and always with the happiest results. I can sincerely recommend them to mothers as a medicine that should always be kept in the house."

Little ones thrive, are good natured and grow plump and rosy in homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used. Mothers can give them as readily as candy, and crushed to a powder they can be given to the youngest infant with the best results. Sold at drug stores or you can get them post paid at 25c a box by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

Proper Diet For a Year-old Baby.

Give gruels made of wheat, oatmeal or barley, all of which must be most thoroughly cooked; beef juice, and a little mutton or chicken broth from which every particle of fat has been skimmed. She may also occasionally have the juice of half an orange.—Ladies' Home Journal.

most serviceable slack tub I found to be a common five gallon oil can with the top left as a flap or cover to throw down and smother the flame in case the oil ignites from the hot steel. If the vessel is left open, the ignition, if it does occur, is of little consequence, like that of coal tar, but with a partially closed can or tank can, the accumulated gas are liable to produce fireworks, as the writer can testify. The really no necessity for such inconvenience, however, as the proper heat for plunging the steel—a bright red is a little below the point necessary to flash the oil. I do not use more than five inches of oil in the bottom of the can. The better the oil becomes the better the results. The consumption of oil is small, principally due to that portion sticking to the drills on withdrawal. Plunging them in loose dirt, afterward, will clean them.

CRYSTALLINE QUARTZ.

Crystalline quartz is used principally as a wood finisher, and the entire production of this material for this purpose is accredited to Connecticut. Crystalline quartz is used also as an abrasive in the stone cutting trade, and a small amount of quartz is crushed and sized and used in the manufacture of sandpaper. The production of crystalline quartz in 1901 was 14,050 short tons, valued at $11,500, as compared with 14,100 tons, valued at $40,705 in 1900. These values are for the crude quartz, after it has been prepared for market its value is from three to four times as great.

Mr. Thomas Wardell and wife, of Toronto, were in town yesterday en route east from their honeymoon.

WAS RHODES A JESUIT?

The Quebec Daily Telegraph produces the following as a new light on the many sided character of Cecil Rhodes:

"In a letter to an English newspaper of his writes: 'I was sitting next Mr. Rhodes at a large dinner and our conversation turned on religious belief. Mr. Rhodes expressed himself in very eulogistic terms of the Roman Catholic Church. He said: I have great admiration for the Roman Catholic Church. It is, in my opinion, the one logical religion in the world, and if I only had the time I should like to become a Jesuit myself. Do you know any Jesuits? I have met many of them in Rhodesia, and have so great a respect and so keen an admiration for them as a body, that I take off my hat to them each and all.' It is not so much what they do, or what they say, it is what they are that has impressed me so deeply."

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...T PORTAGE, ONT., AUG. 1, 1902

BOYS.

...local preacher called into the ...her office yesterday and compli...nted us on our editorial in Tues...'s issue under the head "The ...spheming Boy." Several promin... business men have also been kind ...ugh to congratulate us upon tak... such a decided stand on a ques...n which, while calling for em...atic condemnation, is fraught ...ertheless, like all such subjects, ...h a large amount of delicacy. ...seems to be the general opinion ...ong the thinking men of this ...vn, that the question should be ...cussed freely, and steps taken to ...mp out an evil which is daily ...wing more formidable, and which ...l stagger local sociologists in the ...y near future, if something of a ...ided nature does not take place to ...ck the insidious influences now at ...rk.

...f we can raise manly, God-fearing ...s, we can stamp out many crying ...ls, for the devil cannot play his ...ne, and win against such odds, as ...e, noble, and gentle men. But ...perfect our forces for a campaign ...this kind, there must be docility, ...edience, and the noblest devotion ...duty in the ranks. God is a mar...t.

...Some boys need discipline, for ...r own sakes, and for the sake of ...iety, but such boys are happily ...the minority.

...There are boys in Rat Portage, ...ne of them in the homelest garb, ...h perhaps a brown knee or a ...ty elbow peering through a rent ...a garment that defies the efforts ...the most industrious mother who ...nds and stitches every night, but ...t boy is nevertheless, a man—a ...e man to be. One can see hon...y and straightforwardness stick... out all over him.

...And there is another type of boy—rather the same type in a differ...guise. He wears immaculate ...lars (for a minute) tailor-made ...thes, and perhaps enamelled shoes ...Sunday, but these cannot disguise ...sprouting hero. He is a brother ...the boy in tatters, and he seems ...end of it. They do not travel to...ther, but watch them through life, ...d you will note the freemasonry of ...ality guiding both their steps. ...ey are on the same plane of pub...estee; they will both be gentle-

...signals. The vibrations seem to reach slightly farther in fog than in fine weather; atmospheric conditions do not seriously affect them; electrical disturbances are their only foe. Mr. Marconi's later experiments appear to indicate that a pole 200 feet high gives the best results, as the wire suspended from it comes into contact with sufficiently varied atmosphere strata, while at the same time it can be made thick enough to receive a substantial electrical influence from the radiating ether waves which are caught by it. With a balloon or kite elevated to an altitude of 400 feet or so the wire must be very slight, and the ceaseless swaying of the upholder also interferes with the reception of definite signals. Strangely enough, a horizontal aerial wire is of no value, gives out no energy for his purposes and was long ago discarded. Nor is it any advantage in marine signalling to set up the pole or kite on a high hill.

Proximity to the sea is ... and a low lying spit near ... sea is best. Another less ... ing circumstance is that ev... piece of ground will not serve for the ... cating of a station. Some g... logical formations are pervers... others are responsive. Signals from one headland a distance of 200 miles may be reached; from another the range may be only half that. On ships the aerial wire is suspended from the top of the mast, hanging loosely down among the ... and rigging. It is composed of copper and steel and will stand considerable strain. It enters the operator's room at the deck, and the mechanical features are similar to those of an ordinary telegraph office.

British Bulls.

Englishmen are as apt to perpetrate bulls as Irishmen. Here are a couple that were exhibited at a parliamentary election:

"Expenditure on so vast a scale," proclaimed one speaker who was urging national economy, "will in time empty even the inexhaustible coffers of Britain and convince her reckless legislators too late, when the mare is stolen, that they must close that barn door through which for years the flood of extravagance has poured unchecked."

The second speaker did even better, although it is fair to allow something for a man who, hooted down by a derisive opposition, is naturally too excited and indignant to carefully consider his words.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," he protested. "The cry of the cat, the crow of the cock and the hiss of the gander are not argument. True, they may for the time overwhelm the feeble voice of one man in their roaring tide, but yet all their concerted forces, howsoever armed and arrayed for combat, shall avail finally to extinguish that beacon torch of Experience still gripped fast and held high in his unfaltering hand to guide safely through the breakers the straining eyes of posterity."

The Turn of the Sheet.

... Chancellor of England ... turning over of a sheet of ... paper ... for exercising ... greatest joke. Lord Chancellor ... having been asked by a client ... to give him a certain ... writing on one side of a sheet of paper.

"... I shall ... cannot to-day give ... a pronouncement for which you ... I remain yours sincerely, Eldon."

G. M. BROWN'S CAMPAIGN.

Opposed by Mr. Conan Doyle, the Novelist—Lots of Speechmaking.

Mr. Conan Doyle's unsuccessful effort to attain political honors at the last general election in Great Britain is of particular interest to Canadians by reason of the fact that the successful Liberal candidate was Mr. George M. Brown, son of the late Hon. George Brown of Toronto. The constituency was Central Edinburgh, and Mr. Doyle was the Liberal-Unionist candidate. He is described as highly popular in Edinburgh, where he took his course in medicine and also obtained his first success in literature. As a candidate the novelist made so many speeches that in one of the last of them he said: "I have talked and talked all the week till I am sick of hearing my own voice! I made ten speeches yesterday and have to make as many more to-day." On some days he began his speech-making before breakfast and kept it up till midnight. He spoke in the streets and squares, in several breweries, in an opera house, in a "literary institute," in front of business establishments or workshops and wherever he could attract the notice of any group of listeners. He had to submit, too, to that torture known as "heckling"—or, in other words, was required to answer all those searching questions—political moral or metaphysical—which electors are fond of putting to every candidate. On a number of occasions he had to confess that he could not answer the "hecklers." "I really do not know," he said in one case. And: "I favor your suggestion, but don't see where the money is to come from." "We ought to go very slowly." "I agree with you, but then—," "I am not a judge, yet, after all," "I am a young politician," and so on. In referring to British

of a garment that denes the shorts of the most industrious mother who mends and stitches every night, but that boy is, nevertheless, a man—a true man to be. One can see honesty and straightforwardness sticking out all over him.

And there is another type of boy—or rather the same type in a different guise. He wears immaculate collars (for a minute) tailor-made clothes, and perhaps enamelled shoes on Sunday, but these cannot disguise the sprouting hero. He is a brother of the boy in tatters, and he seems proud of it. They do not travel together, but watch them through life, and you will note the freemasonry of nobility guiding both their steps. They are on the same plane of public esteem—they will both be gentlemen in the strict sense of the term.

Those are the boys we should struggle to produce. It would be sacrilege for a parent to lay a rough hand on this kind of a boy, and the parent knows it. But there are boys who are not of this calibre, but who can be licked into shape" as Kipling says; "by proper handling—man handling."

MARCONI'S WORK.

Some Conclusions of the Inventor of Wireless Telegraphy—It Is Most Effective Over Marine Areas.

P. T. McGrath, editor of The Evening Herald, St. John's, Nfld., contributes to the March Century an article on Marconi's work which the inventor authenticates in a prefatory note. The writer says:

In one of our many talks at the St. John's station Mr. Marconi gave me this digest of his conclusions:

The wireless agency is most effective over marine areas. The unbroken surface of the ocean enables distances to be obtained and results achieved which cannot be approached on land. Over low lying country two-thirds of the distance can be reached, but over tracts where the usual diversified topographical features are found the potency of the vibrations is reduced to one-half what it is at sea. High hills do not constitute an obstacle, but the reverse. Nor is it any advantage in marine signalling to set up the pole or kite on a high hill.

Proximity to the sea is desirable, and a low lying spit near the ocean is best. Another less interesting circumstance is that every piece of ground will not serve for the locating of a station. Some geological formations are perverse; others are responsive. Signalling from one headland a distance of 200 miles may be reached; from another the range may be only half that. On ships the aerial wire is suspended from the top of the mast, hanging loosely down among the stays and rigging. It is composed of copper and steel and will stand considerable strain. It enters the operator's room at the deck, and the mechanical features are similar to those of an ordinary telegraph office.

A Cat as a Retriever.

A very high idea of human patience is given by the account of a correspondent of Forest and Stream, who has, he says, tamed a common cat to retrieve. Patience, gentleness, entire absence of force, were his maxims.

Whenever game had been killed the cat was led to it, and the game was given to him. Next the cat sought the game on his own account. Next he was taught to stay close to his master, at first perched on his shoulder. He was then taught not to fear the sound of the gun, beginning with a little carbine, then proceeding to the fowling piece. When the gun was fired, a common ball was pitched forward by the master, and the connection between the report of the piece and retrieving was established. Then a dead bird was substituted for the ball, and it was at first thrown from the hand and afterward dropped from the branch of a distant tree. The education of this particular cat is now complete. He retrieves perfectly, points sometimes and in general conducts himself like a hunting dog.

The biologists deny the inheritance of acquired characteristics. If it were not for their doctrine, this learned animal might become the progenitor of a long line of useful hunting cats. As it is, he stands as a living monument to human patience and as a proof that even the cat may be educated.

Skunks of the Genus Chinca.

The skunk first appears in history in the year 1636, when he was described in Theodat's "History of Canada." He had been a long time on the earth before that time, however, for there are species of fossil skunks. The skunks of the genus Chinca range over the greater part of North America and as far south as Mexico. Other skunks are found in Central and South America. They live in burrows either of other animals or made by themselves. Their habits are chiefly nocturnal, and they hibernate only in the severest part of the winter. Their food consists of small animals, of insects and birds' eggs. Grasshoppers are eaten by hundreds. They have been trapped for their fur for many years.

The young are born in litters of four to ten. The adults occasionally rob the poultry yard, but such depredations as they commit are more than offset by their destruction of noxious animals and insects, especially the white grub, the pest of lawns and meadows. They are easily trapped in box traps and can be killed by putting them, trap and all, in a trough of water.

The Turn of the Sheet.

Two lord chancellors of England made the turning over of a sheet of note paper a device for executing their neatest joke. Lord Chancellor Eldon, having been asked by a clerical friend to give him a certain living, wrote on one side of a sheet of paper:

Dear Fisher—I cannot to-day give you the preferment for which you ask. I remain your sincere friend.

Eldon.

Turn over.

(On the other side): I gave it to you yesterday.

Sir John Sinclair, who had done much for the agriculture of England and Scotland, thought the nation should present him with a testimonial and wrote to Lord Chancellor Erskine, inviting him to subscribe to it. On one side of a sheet of paper Erskine wrote:

My dear Sir John—I am certain there are few in this kingdom who set a higher value on your services than myself, and I have the honor to subscribe—

(On the other side the note concluded):

—myself your obedient, faithful servant, Erskine.

A Competent Teacher.

The London Times once contained an advertisement for an assistant "capable of teaching the classics as far as Homer and Virgil." Among the answers received was this delightful specimen:

Sir—With reference to the advertisement which was inserted in The Times newspaper a few days ago respecting a school assistant I beg to state that I should be happy to fill that situation, but as most of my friends reside in London and not knowing how far Homer and Virgil is from town, I beg to state that I should not like to engage to teach the classics farther than Hammersmith or Turnham Green or at the very utmost distance farther than Brentford. Awaiting your reply, I am sir, etc.

THE LAST INN.

Some day I'll come to that still place
And bid the thither smooth my bed,
No hurry of departure there—
No waking when the morn is red

The same kind trees will sing to me
Day after day, night after night;
The wind that wanders in the grass
Will bring no tidings of the fight.

From that still Hostlery of Rest,
I'll mark the seasons pass along,
And clean forget the things unwon—
The pain of the unfinished song.

No song will come, when dawn is chill
(The false hopes of my dream to break)
To tell me that the horses wait
Or of some best that I must take.

Night will not find me journeying
(Where pallid roads in dusk are set)
On some fool's errand down the world—
Hag-ridden by an old regret.

Noon will find me blustering
About the anterooms of kings
A meddler, caring not what comes,
But junketing with many things.

Some day I'll turn my horse's head
To that still Hostlery of Rest,
And vex no more the South and North
With matters of the East and West.

Theodore Roberts.

Corner Friends.

These "corner" fiends remind me of the yachtsman who gets on board a racing craft with a pair of immaculate white ducks, a peaked cap, and a huge sheath knife stuck in his belt, says Jo Rivett in The Star, and performs deeds of valor between decks when it comes on to blow, and the crew are hanging to a swinging main-boom like grim death, and trying to throw "tucks" in her mainsail. Your real hunter and fisherman keeps his rifles and guns and rods stowed away in the garret or out in the woodshed, and puts on his third best suit when he goes out on an expedition.

Business Cards.

ACCOUNTANTS.

. A. PENDER, COUNTANT, AUDITOR and ASNEE.—Vereker Block, Matheson et, Rat Portage, Ont.

[redacted]

R. D. MARSHALL, Dentist, Rice' Block, Main St., Rat Portage. Office s: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

M. McFARLANE, L.D.S., D.D.S. Office, Bank of Ottawa Building, Main and Fort Streets, Rat age.

LEGAL.

IRD & MACGILLIVRAY, Barristers, Solicitors, etc. Imperial k, Rat Portage, Ont. dward Bird. J. F. MacGillivray.

HOMAS R. FERGUSON, Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Etc., Portage, Ont.

LLAN McLENNAN, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, etc. e over Bank of Ottawa, Brydon k, Rat Portage. Money to Loan

ARNGEY, HASSARD & JOHNSTON, Barristers, Solicitors, etc. m N, Confederation Life Building, onto. A. R. HASSARD, B. C. L., D. EARNGEY, FRANK K. JOHNS.

OYCE & DRAPER, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc. Offices cker block, corner Matheson and Fort street, Rat Portage. J. BOYCE. G. H. DRAPER.

M. BOSTON TOWERS, Barrister, Solicitor, Proctor, Notary, Offices: in Imperial Bank Cham- Rat Portage. Special attention n to contested Mining Claims and artnental work. Toronto Agents: rs. McCarthy, Osler, Hoskin & dman.

ORAN & MacKENZIE, Barristers Solicitors, Notaries etc. Offices erial Bank Chambers; Rat Port- Money to Loan on first class rity. J. MORAN. P. E. MACKENZIE. vn Attorney for strict of Rainy River.

MEDICAL.

RS. EDMISON & LAIDLAW. Office, Dr. Edmison's, Main St.

R. DEVID, Office: Opposite Imperial Bank, n street. Telephone 91.

MINING ENGINEERS.

"AFFIANCED, ST. LOUIS"

By Ruth Kimball Gardiner

"She's going north Tuesday," said Ellmore. "You will do it, won't you, Jack?"

His host withdrew his gaze from the dancing waters of Biloxi bay.

"Propose to her for you?" he asked.

"You know I don't want you to do that," said Ellmore. "I want you just to put in a good word for me. She thinks a lot of your opinion. I'd do as much for you if there was the remotest chance of your ever wanting to marry. Here she comes now. I'm off."

Priscilla came out into the glare on the gallery in time to see Ellmore disappear down the magnolia lined avenue.

"Bob's going over the bayou with the doctor to look at that mare of Stuart's I'm thinking of buying," said Seymour. "She'd make a fine mount for you if you were going to stay. It will be lonely here when you're gone."

"Will it?" asked Priscilla, with interest.

"Yes," answered Seymour. "Bob's going too."

"Oh!" she said. "Of course, you'll miss—Mr. Ellmore and—mamma. Mr. Ellmore is going as far as New York with us. Why don't you come, too, Cousin Jack, and go to Paris with us?"

"I can't get away," said Seymour. "But Bob will take good care of you. He's a mighty fine fellow, Priscilla, and I wish he wasn't so set on going back to St. Louis, but he couldn't stand the quiet life down here long. It doesn't suit him. He's not very keen about hunting and fishing and the country, you know. He likes books and art and going about a lot and things like that."

"I thought all men liked to kill things," remarked Priscilla.

"Bob doesn't," answered Seymour. "He's the worst shot you ever—that is, he doesn't care for shooting. Of course, if he tried he could be as fine a shot as anybody. He has a knack of doing everything well."

"He dances sweetly."

"Doesn't he, though!" assented Seymour.

"And he talks nicely," she continued.

"He's a mighty fine fellow," said Seymour. "I tell you what, Priscilla," and Seymour stared straight at the moss pendants on the live oak with a positive blush, "I think the girl that gets him will be lucky."

Priscilla's eyes danced like the ripples on the bay beyond the white shell road.

"Yes, I fancy he thinks so, too," she said.

"That's not nice of you," Seymour hastened to say. "He's not that kind at all. Bob's not a bit conceited, but he's—he's a mighty fine fellow, and the girl who gets him will be lucky."

"That's precisely what you said before," observed Priscilla. "I have the sentiment by heart."

"I wish you wouldn't guy me, Priscilla," said Seymour more than a week later, "what made you say I reminded you of armor plate?"

Priscilla laughed happily.

"Did I say that?" she asked. "Well, I take it back. It wasn't a good simile. There are denser things than even armor plate. Now, see how you've tousled my hair!"

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"Affianced, St. Louis."

* * * * * * * *

"I'm back again," Ellmore was saying, "but you don't look overjoyed to see me."

"I thought you were in Paris with—Priscilla and her mother," said Seymour. "I congratulate you."

"On not being in Paris?" asked Ellmore.

"On your engagement."

"I'm not engaged," said Ellmore. "You were awfully good about it, old fellow, but she wouldn't have me. She cares for somebody else. Have you heard from her? She told me to give you this cable codex, but I—well, I wasn't thinking of you just then, and I forgot to send it."

"She cabled she was engaged to you," protested Seymour. "I don't know why you want to deny it. Here's her message. You couldn't expect her to write your name, could you? She says 'St. Louis,' and you're the only St. Louis man she knows."

Ellmore read the message. Then he compared it with a column in the cable code.

"Jack," he said, "you're the best fellow on earth, but you're no end of a fool. It's you Priscilla cares for, you blockhead, and 'Affianced' means—here it is in the steamer company's code—'Have started for home and will sail on' the St. Louis. If you have luck, you can just about get to New York in time to meet her."

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A Leap to Fame.

In the Smithsonian institution at Washington is a glass case containing a stuffed cat. A card tells why this

thought possibly it might stand for 'Alden.'"

"Oh, no!" said Seymour. "It stands for Ainsworth."

* * * * * * * *

It was Tuesday evening. Seymour stood on the platform of the railway station, watching the lights of the northbound train fade into the dusk. The air seemed to echo with goodbys. He could almost hear Priscilla saying:

"We'll cable you as soon as we land. I'll send the code from New York. I'm—I'm so glad I know what that 'A' in your name stands for."

Seymour seemed still to hear the laugh with which she flung the speech at him. What on earth did she mean? That "A" in his name—she had spoken of it once before—said it might be "Alden"—when he was talking about Bob. What did—

"Priscilla!" he shouted, suddenly enlightened. "By all that's wonderful! That 'A' ought to stand for 'Ass!'"

He would have preferred to telegraph, to follow her on the next train, but reflection convinced him of the unwisdom of such a course. A letter could not reach her before she left New York. He must send it to her in Paris.

Three interminable weeks dragged by. Then one morning all the world seemed suddenly darkened with her reply. It was brief.

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"That's precisely what you said before," observed Priscilla. "I have the sentiment by heart."

"I wish you wouldn't guy me, Priscilla," said Seymour. "I know I'm an old duffer when I try to talk."

"You're not a bit older than Mr. Ellmore, and you're a dear."

"That's good of you, but you mustn't think Bob's the sort of fellow to rate himself highly. He's as humble as can be when it comes to his opinion of himself. He's a mighty fine"—

"If you tell me that again, I shall scream," said Priscilla. "Can't you think of anything else?"

"Nothing but you," said Seymour.

Priscilla laughed.

"You're fond of Mr. Ellmore, aren't you?" she asked.

"He's the best friend I have. I should be very sorry indeed to have—well, to have anything happen that would make him unhappy."

"I really believe you've mistaken your vocation, Cousin Jack. Such abilities as yours are wasted on a plantation. You ought to have been a diplomatist. I wonder you ever consented to bury yourself here."

"Oh, I like it here. I was born here. I'm too big and overgrown to be comfortable in a city. I need room. I like the country. It's what I'm fitted for. But I suppose it does seem like being buried to you. Most northern people feel that way. I know Bob does. He's too clever for my kind of life. What makes you laugh, Priscilla?"

"Oh," said the girl, idly tracing with one finger the name on the polished old brass doorplate, "the point of a joke I heard last week has just occurred to me. Do you know," and she regarded him critically, "you are a most remarkable person? One moment you remind me of a plate glass window, and the next you're like—armor plate. Did anybody ever tell you that about yourself before?"

"No," said Seymour, "and I don't know the least bit what you mean."

Priscilla was studying the doorplate with interest.

"What funny old letters," she said—"'John A. Seymour'—your name and your father's and your grandfather's. He was my step-great-grandfather, wasn't he? It doesn't make us really kin at all. What does the 'A' stand for?"

"Ainsworth," answered Seymour.

"Oh!" said Priscilla. "I thought"—And she hesitated, a faint flush warming the magnolia pallor of her face.

"What did you think it stood for?" he asked.

Something besides mischief shone in the girl's eyes.

"I thought," she said slowly—"I thought it was Jack."

Jack, he said, "you're the best fellow on earth, but you're no end of a fool. It's you Priscilla cares for, you blockhead, and 'Affianced' means—here it is in the steamer company's code—'Have started for home and will sail on the St. Louis. If you have luck, you can just about get to New York in time to meet her."

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A Leap to Fame.

In the Smithsonian institution at Washington is a glass case containing a stuffed cat. A card tells why this particular cat is known to fame, and the story is as follows:

Many years ago while the Washington monument was still in an unfinished condition an adventurous and patriotic cat ascended the interior of the shaft by means of the ropes and scaffolding. When the workmen arrived at the upper landing the next morning and began to prepare for the day's work, the cat took fright and, springing to the outer edge, took the leap of 160 feet to the hard earth below.

In the descent, which was watched closely by twoscore of men, the cat spread herself out like a flying squirrel, fell slowly and alighted as cats always do, on all fours.

After turning over on the soil a few times as if dazed she prepared to leave the grounds. She had got almost beyond the shadow of the monument when a dog belonging to one of the workmen pounced upon her and killed her, she of course not being able to run as fast as usual after performing such an extraordinary feat.

One of the men rescued the body of the cat, smoothed out her silky coat and turned the remains over to a representative of the Smithsonian institution, who mounted the skin and placed it under the glass case.

Mexican Etiquette.

There are some points of Mexican etiquette that to many foreigners accustomed to more brusque and businesslike ways seem often affected and unnecessary, such, for instance, as the oftimes protracted discussions as to which of two gentlemen shall enter a street car or doorway first or which shall be allowed to walk on the outside of the sidewalk. As a rule, however, most foreigners who live for any length of time in a Latin country come to enjoy the more cordial forms of greeting, although frequently they do not realize how thoroughly they have adopted them in their own conduct until they return for a visit among their countrymen.—Mexican Herald.

It Is Correct to Say "Good" Health.

If "health" means "bodily soundness," how is it possible to speak of "good health?"

In its primary sense "health" means bodily soundness, but it also means, by extension, the general condition of the body as compared with some condition taken as a standard, and in this sense "health" is properly qualified as "good," "bad," "weak," "delicate," "robust," etc.—Elizabeth A. Withey in Ladies' Home Journal.

Local Interest

Mr. T. Hob[illegible] n Winnipeg this [illegible]eek.

Mr. Geo. L[illegible]tle Rainy River, is visiting [illegible]'s mother.

Mr. S. J. McLeod, of Winnipeg, [illegible] in [illegible] Monday.

The [illegible] the new wing of the [illegible] are now ready for occ[illegible]

HOW PERKINS SAW THE KING

California Senator Tells of His Meeting With Oscar of Sweden.

Senator Perkins of California, who, to quote his own words, is a sailor by profession, a merchant by necessity and a politician by accident, has had in his life more adventures than fall within the experience of an ordinary man. Perhaps this is because Senator Perkins followed the sea for so many years. One of Mr. Perkins' most interesting adventures was his meeting with King Oscar of Sweden and Norway.

"I was quite a boy then," said the senator, telling the story. "I had sailed in the good ship Luna from New Orleans to Sweden with a cargo of cotton, and while the ship was in port I thought I would like to see the royal palace in Stockholm. One Sunday afternoon, in company with a sailor named Harry Branscombe, an Englishman, we went up to the palace. Boy-like, we wanted to get into the grounds, and so we crawled through a waste pipe which ran through the walls around the palace park. As soon as we got inside, however, we were arrested by the gendarmes, and as we did not know a word of Swedish we

Land Titles Act

MORTGAGE SALE.

Under and by virtue of the powers contained in a certain mortgage (which will be produced at the time of sale) there will be offered for sale by public auction by R. J. Parrott, of the Town of Rat Portage, auctioneer, at the Town Hall, in the Town of Rat Portage, on WEDNESDAY, the 29th day of AUGUST, 1902, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, the following property:

All and singular that certain tract of land and premises situate, lying and being in the District of Rainy River, being composed of mining location 211P, lying north of Clearwater Bay, north of the Lake of the Woods, as shown by plan of survey made by E. Seager, O.L.S., of record in the department of Crown Lands, containing by admeasurement fifty acres more or less.

The above property is mining property upon which there are two shafts, one 60 feet in depth and the other 40 feet.

Land Titles Act

MORTGAGE SALE

Under and pursuant to the power of sale contained in a certain charge or mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, dated the 30th day of May, 1895, there will be offered for sale by public auction by R. J. Parrott, auctioneer, at the Town Hall in the Town of Rat Portage in the District of Rainy River, on Thursday, the Thirty-First day of July, 1902, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon the following property —

All and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Town of Rat Portage, in the District of Rainy River, and Province of Ontario, being Lot No. 16, as shown on plan of subdivision of Lot No. 11 at Norman, filed in the office of Land Titles at Rat Portage as Plan M20, and being parcel 781m the other for the District of Rainy River

There is said to be erected on the premises a two story five roomed

Items of Local Interest

Mr. I. Johnson is in Winnipeg this week.

Mr. Geo Little of Rainy River, is visiting his mother.

Mr. S. J. McLeod, of Winnipeg, was in town Monday.

The rooms in the new wing of the Opera Hotel are now ready for occupancy

Charlie Lindsay caught a fish notwithstanding what his theatrical friends say to the contrary

Mr. Selby Codd, of the Bank of Ottawa staff, has returned from holidaying at his home in Winnipeg.

Mr. C. F. Bunnell, of the Clarendon hotel, Winnipeg, was in town Monday looking up a suitable camp for his family. He returned Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bear and Miss Jennie Bear returned Wednesday from a trip to Fort Frances, and left Thursday morning to return to their home in Dakota.

Miss Lennox and sister, of Toronto, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Young, Lakeside, Monday and Tuesday. They left for Yorkton Wednesday where they visit their brother.

The Canadian Order of Foresters Court Lake of the Woods, No 607, hold their annual picnic tomorrow, going by steamer Clipper to the Golden Horn, Rainy and Ash Rapids. Tickets 50c. Children half price.

Zion church Sabbath school will picnic on Wed. Aug 5th, leaving on the 8 o'clock ferry for Coney Island. All will pay their fare. Every each way. Children free. Don't forget your baskets and have them well filled.

An Ass who sits and listens to "a prominent citizen" reviling the opposition editor, and has no more sense of the eternal fitness of things, than to reproduce the "prominent citizen's" malicious twaddle in his paper is expected to be good manners.

Notre Dame church will hold an excursion on Tuesday next to Keewatin beach. The Edna Brydges will leave at 9 a.m., 2 and 7:45 p.m. Tickets 50c, children 25c. The proceeds will be in aid of the cemetery fund.

Mr. Macdonell, Hudson's Bay company factor at White Dog, is in town. It is understood that Factor Macdonell is to be transferred to a new post, and that Factor Anderson will assume charge of his old post at White Dog.

Perkins followed the sea for so many years. One of Mr. Perkins' most interesting adventures was his meeting with King Oscar of Sweden and Norway.

"I was quite a boy then," said the senator, telling the story. "I had sailed in the good ship Luna from New Orleans to Sweden with a cargo of cotton, and while the ship was in port I thought I would like to see the royal palace in Stockholm. One Sunday afternoon in company with a sailor named Harry Branscombe, an Englishman, we went up to the palace. Boy-like, we wanted to get into the grounds, and so we crawled through a waste pipe which ran through the walls around the palace park. As soon as we got inside, however, we were arrested by the gendarmes, and as we did not know a word of Swedish we were in a sad plight.

"Presently," continued the senator, "a party of distinguished people came along and seemed interested in our trouble. One person in the party spoke English. He asked us what we were doing in the king's park. I told him that I was an American boy, who wanted to see the king and how the king lived.

"'But don't you know,' he said, 'that you might be put into prison for trespassing?'

"'Oh,' I said, 'I don't want to hurt the king. I only want to see him.'

"'I am King Oscar,' was his reply. "And then," added Senator Perkins, "I learned that I was really in the presence of the monarch."

"What happened to you then?" asked his listener.

"The king," he replied, "sent a soldier with us to show us the palace, and we had a splendid time. But that wasn't the sequel to the story. Thirty years later, when I was governor of California, I went off on a little cruise on a yacht, and who should be a sailor on the yacht but Harry Branscombe. He knew me and I knew him, although we had not seen each other for thirty years. I took him up to San Francisco and gave him a place on one of my ships."

Napanee's First Church.

The first Church of England built in Napanee was in 1836 and 1837. John Gibbard was one of the carpenters in the finishing. The first Wesleyan Church was built in 1841 and 1842. Daniel McLiver was one of the carpenters. So was Mr. Gibbard. Belyat Conger, another old resident, was one of the masons. The first Methodist Episcopal Church was commenced in 1846 and finished in 1847. It was popularly known as "the White Church." Ezra Spencer, who afterwards lived and died at Roblin, was the contractor and builder.

Sale by Tender.

Pursuant to an order of the High Court of Justice made in the action of Fraser vs. Griffith et al, tenders will be received by the undersigned Local Master S.C.J., for the purchase of the following property until Tuesday the Fifth day of August, A.D. 1902, inclusive.

All and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises situate in the Township of Jaffray, in the District of Rainy River, described as follows: That part of Block B lying south of the Government Colonization Road as shown on Plan M 28 filed in the Office of Lands Titles at Rat Portage and being Parcel Number 2264; containing 12 acres more or less.

On the said land is said to be erected a one and one-half story solid brick dwelling house 40x26 feet with brick addition 16x16 feet and stone foundations.

The property will be sold subject to a mortgage to the Dominion Building and Loan Association which the purchaser to assume in part payment

The purchaser shall pay 10 per cent. of the purchase money at the time of sale to the vendor or his solicitor and the balance in thirty days thereafter into Court to the credit of this action without interest

The vendor shall not be bound to furnish an abstract of title, deed or copies of documents not in his possession. In all other respects the terms and conditions of sale will be the standard conditions of this Honorable Court.

For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to Allan McLennan, Solicitor for Vendor, W. B. Towers Solicitor for the defendant, or

THOMAS W. CHAPPLE, ESQ.,
Local Master at Rat Portage.
Dated this 29th day of July, 1902.

Wanted.

Editor—What we want is a story containing a real good idea.

Contributor—Then why didn't you say so before? Here I have been reading the back numbers of your magazine for a clew.

or mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, dated the 30th day of May, 1895, there will be offered for sale by public auction by R. J. Parrott, Auctioneer, at the Town Hall in the Town of Rat Portage in the District of Rainy River, on Thursday, the Thirty-First day of July, 1902, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, the following property:—

All and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises, situate, lying and being in the Town of Rat Portage, in the District of Rainy River, and Province of Ontario, being Lot No. 16, as shown on plan of subdivision of Lot No. 11 at Norman, filed in the office of Land Titles at Rat Portage as Plan M20, and being parcel 781in the office for the District of Rainy River

There is said to be erected on the premises a two story five roomed frame dwelling 28x25, with addition 11x6x14.

Terms—Ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid to the Vendor's solicitors at the time of sale and the balance in thirty days.

For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to Macdonell & Boland, 2 Toronto street, Toronto, Vendor's solicitors, or to Boyce & Draper, Barristers, etc., Rat Portage.

ADVERTISEMENT OF SALE

Judicial Sale of Property in the District of Rainy River.

Pursuant to a judgment of the High Court of Justice made in the action of Thomas W. Proudlock and Alexander Schragge against the Ash Rapids Gold Mining Company et al, there will be offfered for sale with the approbation of Thomas W. Chapple, Esquire, Local Master of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Rat Portage, by R. J. Parrott, Auctioneer, in the Town Hall, in the Town of Rat Portage, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, on SATURDAY, the 23rd day of August A.D. 1902.

All and singular those certain parcels or tracts of land and premises situate, lying and being in the District of Rainy River, and being composed of mining locations 231E (containing 212 acres) and 282E (containing 40 acres), situate east of Devil's Bay of Whitefish Bay as shown on plan of survey by O.L.S. Henry de Q. Sewell, dated May 14th, 1897, of record in the Department of Crown Lands, and being freehold parcel 2799. The property will be offered for sale subject to a reserve bid.

The purchaser shall pay 20 per cent. of the purchase money at the time of sale to the vendors or their solicitors, and the balance in thirty days thereafter into court to the credit of this action, without interest. The terms and conditions of sale will be the standing conditions of this court.

Further particulars may be had from Messrs. Boyce & Draper, solicitors for the above named plaintiffs; A. McLennan, solicitor for defendants, and Messrs. Bird & McGillivray, and W. B. Towers, solicitors for lienholders, all of the town of Rat Portage, or from

T. W. CHAPPLE, ESQUIRE,
Local Master, S.C.J.
Dated at Rat Portage this 16th day of July, A.D. 1902.